

THE GATEWAY

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University of Alberta

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THE GATEWAY



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No. 5

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TWO FRAGMENTS FROM THE GREEK OF ALCMAN

I.

No longer, melodious maidens, with voices that breathe of love,
These palsied limbs will bear me: would it were mine to rove,
A-flutter across the blossoming spray 'mid the halcyons fleet of wing,
Careless, fearless, happy of heart, a sea-blue bird of the spring.

II.

Asleep is the mountain crest;
The deep ravines and headlands are hushed and still;
The creeping things that the black earth breeds are at rest,
And the beasts that roam the hill.

The busy murmuring bees

Slumber in silence: slumber the shadowy herds
That dwell in the cavernous depths of the purple seas,
And the long-winged flocks of birds.

—W. D. W.

YALE.

Yale College was founded in 1701 "for the service of Church and State," and an earnest desire to serve her sons and the community has been a marked characteristic of her whole development. In response has grown up in the hearts of thousands of students and graduates a great affection, an extravagance of enthusiasm, a Yale spirit which, as nowadays everyone says, defies definition.

This ideal of service assumes many forms in the lives of notable Yale men. President Hadley serving on the Railroad Securities Commission, or Governor Taft staying at his work in the Philippines although the long-desired opportunity in the Supreme Court lay open before him; Willard Gibbs pioneering in Thermodynamics and physical Chemistry, or Dean Wright tempering justice with mercy; the founders of the "Ya-li" college and hospital in Changsha, Hunan—whatever the form, the spirit seems the same, and to Yale should much of the praise be given.

During the years, with developing ideals have come also the developing traditions of undergraduate life. It has come to be the fashion for the various classes to hold together, each in its own section of the campus, dormitories, or the university dining room—thus avoiding many of the distinctions between rich and poor, but losing also the mutual advantage of Senior and Freshman who live a common life in dormitory, dining room and playing field. The "fence" is portioned up for Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores,

and each class finds a rendezvous of great simplicity and comfort. The whole student body of the college, or as we should say, of the Faculty of Arts, assembles every morning for chapel, and large numbers of the men make the service an opportunity for developing a sense of Yale solidarity instead of or in addition to an opportunity for worship.

The ceremony at the close of the brief chapel service is usually a most interesting one. As soon as the service is concluded, "Prexy" Hadley leaves the pulpit and sets off at a brisk pace down the central aisle. As he passes down the grave Seniors turn and face towards him, bowing almost double; then falling in behind him they march out quickly to their eight-thirty recitations or to "Commons" for a belated breakfast. Again the Seniors hold the sacred privilege of going bareheaded, of roller skating and flying kites, and of indulging in the outdoor indoor baseball, traditional at Yale. The Freshmen are "initiated" casually during the first few hours of the session in rather friendly fashion. In small groups they are taken in hand by fun-loving sophomores, whose ingenuity in devising torturing questions and humiliating handling practically always gets at conceit without reaching self-respect. Upperclassmen, removed to lofty heights of impartiality, hold in check the exuberant zeal of the Sophomores who have forgotten already they themselves needed more than the ordinary a year before! The physical encounter between the two under-

classes occurs on the second or third evening: three champions, heavy-weight, middle-weight and light-weight, of each of the two classes engage in wrestling bouts to settle the class supremacy, all being under the supreme control of the Y-men of the Senior class.

The journals of Yale must have a word, "The Yale Literary Magazine"—"the Lit."—was founded in 1836, and is the oldest of all college periodicals and monthly magazines published in America—dignified, melancholy, slow. The Yale Daily News is modern in dress and spirit. Those who long for editors' chairs are worked unmercifully day and night in competitions worse than the old examinations of the Literate in China. "News heelers" college slang calls these men. In producing the paper, the editors write the editorials, the heelers do most of the rest. However a crucial test is often satisfied—the "News" will seek the public good even though Yale's faults become known to friends and rivals.

There came to light a few years ago a pamphlet entitled "Concerning the Present State of Yale College—Method of Instruction and Government," dated 1765. A few extracts from the pamphlet will give a good idea of the course of study and the cost of living at Yale in the early days.

"This college is under the Government of a President and ten Fellows; who are some of the principal Ministers, in the several Parts of the Colony: And ordinarily meet on the second Wednesday in September, annually, and on special Emergencies; to confer degrees, settle the College Accounts, appoint subordinate officers, make laws, and direct in

the general and more important affairs of the College.

"The number of undergraduate students, for many years past, has been about one hundred and seventy, but by reason of the distressing difficulties which the country has been under, of late, the number has been diminished for two or three years past. They are divided into four classes and each class is under the immediate instruction of some Tutor. At their admission they are able to construe and parse Tully's Oration, Virgil, and the Greek Testament; and understand the Rules of Common Arithmetick. In the first year, they learn Hebrew; and principally pursue the study of languages, and make a beginning in Logick, and some parts of the Mathematicks. In the second year, they study the Languages; but principally recite Logick, Rhetorick, Oratory, Geography and natural Philosophy. And some of them make good proficiency in Trigonometry and Algebra. In the third year, they still pursue the study of Natural Philosophy; and most branches of the Mathematicks; Many of them well understand Surveying, Navigation and the Calculation of the Eclipses; and some of the more considerable proficient in Comic Sections and Fluxions, in the fourth year they principally study and recite Metaphysicks, Ethicks and Divinity.

"Almost all the students reside in the College, and are boarded by the steward in the Hall, after the manner of common families without any restriction of weight or measure; for which they pay 4 shillings 6 pence, per week, sterling. The undergraduate students also pay for tuition

and instruction 9 shillings, for the rent of their chambers and studies, 1 shilling 2 pence, for repairs and other contingent charges 1 shilling sterling, per quarter. Which sums are collected by the steward, and paid out by order from the President and Fellows. After the necessary incident charges are deducted, the Residue is applied for the payment of the salaries of the officers, which of late years have been to the president £110, to each of the three tutors £43, and to the senior tutor, who is keeper of the library, £6 sterling more. Although these salaries are scanty enough, yet inasmuch as the incomes are now lessened by reason of the poverty of the country, and the diminution of the number of students, it is feared, that either the salaries, or the number of officers, must be diminished, either of which will be inconvenient.

"In the exercise of discipline, care is taken to impress the minds of the students with a sense of the amiableness of virtue and the odious nature of all vice and disorder."

This account of Yale would not at all be complete without an attempt to picture the intense seriousness of "the extra-curriculum activities" nowadays at Yale. There comes to hand a recent protest in the "Daily News" on the part of a member of the class of 1913, president of the "Dramat" and an editor of the "News".

"Our present day pursuit of the extra-curriculum is deplorable from every standpoint; ludicrous to the outsider and tragic to us—the meat in the machine. By the speakers at his reception, by any upper class friend he may have, by the very spirit in the air every

Freshman is taught that if he wishes to gain social recognition he must work, work hard, do something for Yale. Naturally he starts to heel—be it athletics, the News, Dwight Hall, Phi Beta Kappa, the Lit, the Dramat. With his whole soul he drives himself along the road of his activity—the road which is to lead him to the Elysian Fields of Social Success.

"Now we have no quarrel with the system. Under any other, Yale would not for ten years remain a great institution. But we do believe that the mills of the gods grind too exceeding fine. Every laborer learns a magnificent efficiency and the art of doing 48 hours' work in 24 hours. Moreover, beyond a doubt the strongest men in the College win the competition and get their social awards.

"Right here is the rift in the lute: the most energetic, able and brilliant men in the College are worked to death. My sympathy is not for the man who fails but for the man who succeeds. If he is a leader in activities requiring brain-work he is encumbered with offices until his health is broken. If he is a leader in physical activities he is laden with athletic positions till he graduates with the mental development of the average Freshman.

In Yale College as in some other colleges, now and then, it may be necessary to make "a modest plea for the retention," in student life, of "some tincture of letters" and philosophy and science, and sometimes it may be necessary to ask if motives of service may not impel men to learn to think as well as to "do something for the college."

E. W. S.

Emile Boutroux

The Newly Elected Member of the Academie Francaise.

Anyone who had the good fortune to be present last January at the reception of Emile Boutroux, the eminent French philosopher, in the Academie Francaise could not fail to have been struck by the spirit of the two addresses delivered on that occasion.

Long before the hour at which the ceremony was timed to begin, the former chapel of Mazarin's palace was full to overflowing with a large company of well-dressed men and women. All that was highest in the social and intellectual life of Paris was represented, when punctually at 10 o'clock, to the roll of drums, the members of the French Academy entered under the cupola and took their places facing the audience. M. Paul Bourget, the well-known novelist, presided with M. Rene Bazin by his side. Below them to the right between M. Maurice Barres and M. Frederic Massow sat M. Raymond Poincare, president of the French Republic. Behind him was M. Emile Boutroux the newly-elected member, and M. Ernest Lavisse, while a few seats further back was M. Bergson, who it is to be hoped will be the next to receive the highest literary honour which France has to bestow, namely a place among the "Academiciens".

The significance of the occasion was striking for two reasons; first, because for the past twenty-seven years no philosopher has been deemed worthy of a place in the Academy; secondly, because the address of welcome was to be

delivered by M. Paul Bourget, who, perhaps more than any other man, at the present time represents the new spirit of France—the spirit of patriotism local and national, of religious faith, tradition, self-confidence and action.

The proceedings were simple. They consisted of two addresses, one by M. Boutroux, whose duty it was to pronounce a eulogy of him whose place he was now occupying, namely, the late General Langlois, and the other by the president, M. Bourget, in which it is the custom to expose the achievements of the newly elected member and to bid him welcome.

M. Boutroux is a man whose life and works have been such as to recommend him in a very special way to those who, like Bourget, Barres and the Comte de Mun, are working (as they would claim) for the complete rehabilitation of France in the eyes of the world. M. Boutroux is well known outside France. He delivered the Gifford lectures in 1904-1905. He has given courses at Geneva, Heidelberg, Bologna, Copenhagen, Harvard and last year at Princeton. An eminent philosopher and also a firm believer, he was the first to make a determined revolt against the purely mechanical explanation of the universe, which proved so attractive to men such as Renan, the brothers Goncourt, Dumas Fils, Flaubert, Baudelaire, Leconte-de Lisle, Sully-Prudhomme and also (though to a less extent) Taine. This drawing together of science and religion, or rather the clear

defining of the necessity and use of both, is precisely in accordance with the teaching of the group of modern French writers of whom M. Bourget and M. Barres are the chief representatives.

It would be impossible to give an adequate account of M. Paul Bourget's address in a few words—an address fascinating in its width and energy and punctuated at the close of every period with the applause of those who heard it. It must suffice to give the main ideas.

M. Bourget, after speaking of M. Boutroux's early life and upbringing, proceeded to give some account of "Scientisme"—a school of thought, the chief feature of which was an attempt to extend to moral science the same principles which dominated natural science, teaching that all phenomena were governed by fixed and all-sufficient laws and that nothing could happen contrary to those laws. During the first half of the nineteenth century this view of the universe had fascinated not only historians and moralists, but even imaginative writers. But if the psychological world was part and parcel of this universal determination, if the phenomena of intelligence, sensibility and will were only the results of anterior phenomena, where could we find place for personality, liberty and responsibility? "I have seen Taine," continued M. Bourget, "fighting almost pathetically against the inevitable consequences of this deadly determination." And to prove his words the speaker quoted from a letter which Taine had written him with regard to the "Origines de la France Contemporaine."

It was by his struggle against

this determinism that M. Boutroux had made his name; not that he had ever been allowed to forget the claims of pure science for his brother Leon was a pupil of Pasteur and his brother-in-law Henri Poincare one of the former scientists of his time. But in Jules Lachelier, member of the Académie des Sciences Morales, Boutroux, had had a master who exercised immense influence on his early years. To M. Lachelier, M. Bourget reminded his hearers, we owed that luminous definition of God, "*Le monde est une pensee qui ne se pense pas, suspendue a une pensee, qui se pense.*"

It was by his theory, "*La contingence des lois de la Nature,*" that M. Boutroux had combatted the main idea of "Scientisme"—namely that the universe explained itself, and that there was an absolutely uninterrupted continuity between the phenomena, of which the universe is the total. "Modern thought centres round those ideas which are summed up in the word **Life**." Fifty years ago thought centred round the word **Science**; a hundred years ago the encyclopaedists worshipped **Reason**.

M. Boutroux had contributed in no small degree to this complete volteface. He had shown that the physical world did not explain the biological world, nor the biological world the psychological and moral; that there is not such a thing as science but the sciences, each with its particular method, because each was working towards its particular goal. Physical, biological, psychological, moral facts cannot all be reduced to one order. "By what right do we

cut ourselves off in the name of science from our philosophical and religious traditions, when science and tradition do not function in the same field?" M. Boutroux had found a reconciliation between the two and had saved for us our double heritage, not by rejecting science but by measuring its reach, not by disavowing the intelligence but by enriching it. "Scientisme" had given an explanation of the psychological and moral world which destroyed it. M. Boutroux had given an explanation which justified it.

In his masterly study of Pascal whose very life showed that science and faith were not necessarily antagonistic M. Boutroux had dispersed the legend of a Pascal doubting and despairing—a legend imagined by the Rationalists, and accepted by the Romantics. He had proved that Pascal the believer had his very foundation in Pascal the philosopher, and that it was precisely because Pascal admired the range of science that he stopped dumbfounded before its limitations. Reason for Pascal was a servitor of two masters—of the senses in the domain of physical phenomena, of the heart when it was a question of things divine. That the most powerful writer of the French language should have been also the most religious gave support to the main idea of M. Boutroux's study, that to suppress the idea of the hereafter in the human soul was not to free it but to mutilate it.

It was very remarkable, M. Bourget continued, but Pascal with many others was a proof of it, that the highest interpretations of life were those which led to strong and virile Action. The

author of the "Pensees" anticipated that formula so dear to Goethe, "Im Anfang war die Tat," (in the beginning was Action). M. Boutroux's philosophy had been conceived during the months following the disasters of 1870. To what an extent he had remained one of those Frenchmen of 1870 "who had not forgotten" was proved by the eulogy he had just delivered on the late General Langlois. The two men had this in common: both were working for national reconstruction. The General was present at Metz and afterwards became an eminent authority on military science. He was a Pragmatist, in the same way as M. Boutroux, William James, and Pascal were Pragmatists—believers in a Pragmatism, which is a means and not an end, a way to a doctrine and not itself a doctrine.

M. Boutroux had just shown in his eloquent address that nations were forced to choose the path either of softness and comfort or of strength and self-sacrifice. By a law as mysterious as universal, war was the great trial. History proved over and over again that those peoples, who enervated by civilization had made of it a mere instrument of peace and pleasure, had fallen before hardier races. Culture in itself was of no avail, unless it was defended by armed force. All property was but a continued conquest, though too often nations were apt to forget these truths. The soldier who must cultivate physical endurance, morale and discipline, was there to remind them of it. True he was a citizen, but the most important of all, because he assured the independence of the city. His

profession was something apart. We expected more from him than from others. The army, a modern writer had said, has its own Morale, its own law, its own mysticism. That "religion of the army" Gen. Langlois preached till the day of his death. M. Boutroux and he were both working for the rehabilitation of a broken country. But they were not alone. Generations were arising who without ceasing to love knowledge were returning again to belief and were resolutely and consciously uniting themselves once again to the philosophical and religious traditions of ancient France.

This bare resume gives but a poor idea of an address which was received with great enthusiasm. There is no doubt that Catholicism, militarism and the worship of tradition in every form is a most powerful factor in the pre-

sent movement. It is curious that at this very time Voltaire's "L'ingenu" is being played at one of the Parisian theatres, where all who care to go and see it will find a representation (no doubt caricatured, but on the whole not far from the truth) of the state of the Roman Church in the middle of the eighteenth century. The Jesuit, the Pere Tout a tous, is not a pleasant character. If there were many like him Voltaire's hatred for the Infamous was not misplaced.

However admirable the aims of the Bourget school, it is to be sincerely hoped that a narrow Roman Catholicism will not keep from a place in the Academy a man whom many people think is by far the greatest living philosopher in the world, M. Henri Bergson.

J.B.

(No accents)

OBITUARY

It is with deep regret we record the death of Horace Miller, a member of the '13 class of the University of Alberta, who died at the Muskoka Cottage Sanitarium, Gravenhurst, Ontario, on Saturday, February the 14th. Mr. Miller came to Alberta in the year 1908, and took up a course of study at Alberta College, from which institution he matriculated in the following year. As a student he was active in college activities giving especially valuable service as the first illustrator of "The Gateway," his cartoons being always a feature of the first issues. His sunny disposition won him a host of friends and his death at the early age of twenty-two years, cuts off at the very beginning what promised to be a successful career. The students of the University of Alberta extend to the bereaved parents and friends their deep sympathy in the loss of one whom even for the stranger to know was to love.

The Frozen Nose.

A Tragedy

Dramatis Personae

Slender Anne Page

Petruchio Kate

Caliban Mirando

Scene—A wood near Edmonton.

Enter all the characters en masse.

Kate.—Ah me—these timbers tall
that tower aloof,Shut out the radiance of the
setting sun.It must be late; for three long
hours we've trackedThe prey, and but for the ro-
mance of it,I should have surfeited with
weariness.Pet.—Come, courage, Kate; See
here we'll rest awhile.Go, Caliban and gather sticks;
provideA blaze, but, pray you, scare
no rabbits, sir.Mir.—We're three miles from
the college, in a mazeOf trees; I'm hungry, cold,
and oh, so tiredEnough, if this is what you
men call sport.Cal.—Say not so, my Miranda,
for the rabbitsMay be a-hunting, or per-
chance are feasting,Or they are not at home to
visitors.Slender.—Miranda, take my
glove; it is a mitMore suited to the winter's
blast you know.Anne.—Pause ere you put your
hand in glove of his.

Cal.—(lighting the fire):

The sweetest mem'ries of a
German test,Four sheets of foolscap going
up in smoke.Kate.—No rabbits; not a weazel
even, nor

A moving leaf to stir enth-

siasm

Pet.—But what a time we sure
have had; I raisedMy rifle three times to my
shoulder, yetThe fear it might go off stayed
my desire.Kate.—Petruchio, what is that
upon your nose,The smallest speck of white
just on the tip?Pet.—Unclean! unclean! I have
the leprosy.Anne.—A priest! a priest! my
wife for a priest.Mir.—Why, Kate, your nose is
just as white as his.Kate.—No! No! It cannot be;
where did I catchThe microbe; Caliban, have
you a glass?Slender.—Ho! Priests for two;
the rabbits are avenged;Thanks be to Jove, the furies
are afoot.Kate.—His nose is white, as are
the mountain snows.Cal.—A Jung-frau with a frozen
peak is she.Slender.—Jack Frost the Fury has
with icy glee,The rabbit hunters chased and
claimed his fee.Mir.—Come, children, the fire is
dead, the lightFades in the valley, and across
the gloom,The long, low, wolf-hound bids
us make for home;The hunters have been hunted;
KatherineMust tend to this sore point,
and paint her nose,Petruchio hath remedies for
his.Anne.—Our chaperone has got a
cure for this.Kate.—Let's all go home and tell
the awful tale,How we shot scores of rabbits
without fail. H. R. L.

LIBRARY NOTES

Although this is not the time of the year when the library increases by leaps and bounds there are, nevertheless, a number of interesting books among the hundred odd that have been added since the new year.

The work of providing the law student with all the prescribed books of reference has been completed and three or four shelves of formidable law-calf now adorn the stock-room.

In history the reader interested in our new Western development will find Norman F. Black's "Saskatchewan and the Old N.W.T." a complete record of the past of the two provinces as far as it is common. In Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's "Clio, a Muse" the general reader will find a very fascinating book of essays of several kinds. The first, from which the book takes its title, sets out the author's view of the function of history, which will meet with the sympathy of the general public. He contrasts the popular triumphs of such books as Macaulay's and Carlyle's histories and their cultural influence, with the cold and critical reception which is now-a-days accorded by the learned few to the historian of the Dry-as-dust school, and he pleads for a greater cult of the Muse. The other essays, include one on "Walking", one on "Compulsory Greek", from an enigmatically humorous point of view, and several on modern writers both of prose and poetry.

In Professor Bonney's "Present Relations of Science and Religion" we have the statement of the position of a thoroughly orthodox man of science. Canon Bonney reviews the field of Physics,

Biology, Geology and Anthropology and builds on them a reasoned defence of his position as a Christian. His reputation as a geologist and as an ex-president of the British Association (1910,) insures careful consideration for what he has to say.

In the latest edition of J. G. Frazer's "The Golden Bough," in eight volumes, the library has acquired a work which is recognized as the great storehouse of all that is known of the savage mind in its attitude towards the universe. Strictly we can never be sure that we have discovered all that the word 'primitive' connotes but as far as may be we seem to be able to study here the workings of the 'primitive' mind. The record is a curious one.

English literature has to acknowledge the addition of two important volumes, 'Cymbeline' and 'Julius Caesar' to the great 'Variorum' Shakespeare, while French literature, in addition to the interesting collection of modern dramatic works which arrived at the end of last term, has now received the complete works of Edmond Rostand, and an admirable Life of Moliere by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Those members of the Modern Languages Club who have not read "Chanticleer" should make haste to enjoy the wonderful wit and beauty of this and M. Rostand's other works.

Apropos of the opening of the Panama Canal the London Times published on December 31st, a 54-page supplement on 'The Pacific Slope' in which articles will be found on every phase of the life of the Coast States and British Columbia, together with interesting views and a map showing the lines of trade likely to be affected by the Canal.

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EDITORIAL.

The editor wishes to offer an explanation to the parties aggrieved over the article which appeared under "Inter Alia" in last month's issue. It was published in all good faith and without the slightest intention or suspicion of giving offence. The editor regrets that he inadvertently offended, and trusts that the injured parties will believe that it was done unwittingly.

It is not irrelevant to say something about the "esprit de corps" of a university. A body of students assembling together day after day cannot go very far without forming some ideal in common. They work together, it's true, with different ends in view, but there does arise unconsciously a sympathetic bond, rarely expressed, which makes the student body one, and urges them to group together, to stand by each other and their common centre of unity,—the University. It is this common all-embracing feeling, or linking with each other that makes a student body great for good or bad. Within this larger circle are smaller groups, bound together in the same way, as their interests cluster round some activity. The idea of standing together must find a

response in every student's heart. He naturally associates the big games and the long line of students gathered there, with this feeling of oneness which is the greatest spur to victory. It is not the victory so much as the comradeship that counts. Again we might recall other times when principle is involved, there is likely to be a rent in the esprit de corps or rather in its representatives. This is different from a game, but the common ideal is bound to come out and what is best in the student body will come out with it.

We are still distant from a conscious esprit de corps, but our growing numbers and larger problems are bringing us nearer to it than ever before—the stage reached is the consciousness of the student body.

The University of Saskatchewan are paying us another visit. Of course they are out seeking laurels to decorate their halls with, but they have undertaken a hard task. We are very glad to welcome their hockey team and to add another link in the chain of friendship. At the time of going to press the game has not been played.

The French Comedy.

The Dramatic Society presented on January 15th, 1914 a second evening of French comedy, two years after its first venture of the sort. On this occasion two plays were given,—“Mouton,” by Alexandre Bisson and “L’Anglais tel qu’ on le parle,” by Tristan Bernard. The latter was previously given in 1912, with a success which amply warranted its revival. As before the Separate School Hall was secured and an ample contingent of townspeople was present.

“Mouton” depends for its dramatic effectiveness on the “volte face” of Edmond, the lover, from shrinking shepherd to miles gloriosus. Mr. Riddell, to whom the part was entrusted, could with advantage have accentuated the earlier mood. The piece was close enough to broader comedy to admit of a little outward burlesque and a loosening of the knee joints in the initial stages would have thrown the subsequent bustle of ‘mouton devenu lion’ into surer relief. However, the rendering was in all other respects an excellent one and it was strongly backed up by the rest of the caste. Miss Tuttle is to be complimented on a decidedly attractive Cecile. The more serious aspects of the particular characterisations were by no means neglected and the impression of the whole play was such as to suggest the undertaking of distinctly higher comedy at no distant date.

There is less to be said about the second part of the programme.

The success was largely in the hands of Eugene, the interpreter, whose amazing resourcefulness and unfailing good manners received full justice from Mr. Nolan. One of his diplomatic exits with a diagonal right leg, which divided the scene into two symmetrical triangles, was an admirable piece of terpsichorean geometry, and it was only one of many rememberable touches. The remaining parts were, in the main, executed with all the necessary briskness and there was no lull from beginning to end in the pure breeze of farce, which makes the play.

The generosity of Dr. Blois, Mr. Sonet and Professor Kerr offered four prizes to those whose work showed superior attainments. Professor Kerr, Dr. Blois and the Hon. Wilfrid Gariepy were the judges and both purity of pronounciation and stage ability were taken into account in assessing respective merits. The awards were as follows: First prize, Mr. Riddell; second prize, Mr. Nolan, third prize, Miss J. M. Thatcher (as Madame Boucart in outon), fourth prize, Mr. Appleton (as Monsieur Boucart). The prizes were awarded by Mrs. Tory, Mrs. Gariepy and Madame Sonet.

Mr. Sonet, on whose shoulders fell the brunt of the responsibility, and the whole of the coaching, is to be congratulated highly on the distinct service he has rendered the University.

STUDENT

ACTIVITIES



THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

On January 20th, the Dramatic Society devoted another evening to English Comedy. The play chosen was the ever-fresh 'Rivals.' Dr. Broadus read an interesting paper pointing out Sheridan's position in relation to comic dramatists of his own day and to those of the Restoration period. The acting was excellent and the familiar scenes were interpreted with zest and freshness. Miss Langton, as Mrs. Malaprop, deranged her "epitaphs" vigorously; Miss Thatcher languished very charmingly as Lydia and Miss McCrimmon was a very pleasant Lucy. Sir Anthony Absolute, voiced by Mr. Towerton, raged very convincingly and Captain Absolute was given the right mixture of gallantry and common sense by Mr. Nolan. The contrast between the oozing courage of Bob Acres and the burly courage of Sir Lucius was well brought out by Mr. Forster and Mr. Sykes. In short, a very delightful two hours.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

Both meetings of the "Lit." during January were highly successful. On the 9th, the Alberta College group put on the second program of the contest. The at-

tendance was very gratifying, and the entertainment provided by the college was appreciated by everyone present. The interest in this contest is very keen and the executive looks forward to a still larger attendance at the next meeting, which will also be the final of the series.

The last "Lit." took the form of the opening of a mock parliament. This proved a highly popular evening, the "visitors' gallery" being well filled, as well as the members' benches. The executive takes pleasure in acknowledging its indebtedness to Messrs. Mothersill and Libby, the leaders of government and opposition, and their committee for the capable way in which they handled their work.

The Society regrets the continued illness of its secretary, Mr. S. C. Ferguson.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Two very successful meetings have been held during the month.

The public lecture given by Prof. Lewis on "The Interdependence of Plants and Animals" was largely attended; the lantern-slides were excellent, and the subject made equally instructive and fascinating. Certainly the hope of philosophy lies in the laboratory

of science!

The members' meeting, at which a paper was read by Mr. Harold Appleton on "Sully Prudhomme," tho' poorly attendant, was eminently successful. The paper, which was an analysis and estimate of Prudhomme's poetry and thought, revealed critical judgment and philosophic insight of no mean order. Every student should read *Le Bonheur*.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

During the past month we were favored with the visit of two travelling secretaries, Mr. Ernest Clarke, National Secretary of the Student Y. M. C. A., and Mr. C. G. Hounshell, secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. Both of these men were able to remain in our city for several days and to meet the officers and members of the local association. Mr. Clarke who came the last week of January, was able to be with us when the report was given about the great Kansas City Convention. He brought a great deal of inspiration and help to the various committees and he will always be a

welcome visitor to this University. Mr. Clarke has been working in our city to bring about a union of the student Y. M. C. A. work similar to that in Toronto and Winnipeg. His scheme for an Intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. is now almost complete and has been accepted by nearly all the colleges affected. With the advent of this large student association much overlapping can be eliminated and greater things can be attempted for God.

Mr. C. G. Hounshell who came early in February, preached the University sermon on February 8th, and brought an inspiring message on "God's Call to Men Today." Mr. Hounshell spent a busy time while here at committee meetings and in personal interviews with the students. As a result of his visit the Student Volunteer Band will from now on be an important factor in the religious life of this University. Mission study was also given considerable impetus by the visit of Mr. Hounshell and there is now a class in both the University and Robertson College studying Eddy's "India's Awakening" under Dr. King of Robertson College.

A FATHER'S IMPRESSION OF LIFE AT THE UNIVERSITY.

Oh, life is hard at the 'Varsity
We have no time to play,
It's a wonder to me, and I think
you'll agree,
How we ever get through in a
day.
We must lectures attend two
hours on end,
And eating accounts for four,
There's breakfast and lunch and
tea, that's three
And a banquet of one hour
more.
Then there're rabbits to shoot,
and hockey to root,
When we go a match to see;
We must skate and play tennis,

all this—it then is
Time to go home to our tea.
Then we must rehearse French
plays or blank verse
Three hours till the banquet is
spread,
Then two hours of debate, and
when it is late
We must dance till we go to
bed.
So I think you will say "They
have no time to play,
And it is a wonder to me,
How little they shirk of the terri-
ble work
They must do at the 'Varsity."



WAUNEITA SOCIETY.

On Saturday, January 17th, the Wauneita Society were hostesses at a unique function which took the form of a banquet to the Alumnae of the University. The Wauneitas and their guests, 69 in number were received by Mrs. Tory, Miss Misener and Miss J. F. Montgomery, president of the Society.

The University dining-room was the scene of this festive occasion and right merry was the gathering at which Alma Mater welcomed back her children to their academic home.

The banquet table was artistically decorated with red tulips, the hand-painted place cards were cleverly executed by Miss Menzies and Miss Clara Bell.

Mrs. Lehmann, honorary president, acted as toast-mistress. The several musical numbers were also enjoyed, the programme being as follows:

The Alumnae—Proposed by Miss J. F. Montgomery and responded to by Miss Decima Robinson.

Piano Solo—Miss Clara Bell.

The University—Miss G. Tuttle, Mrs. Tory.

Quartet—Misses Armstrong, McCrimmon, Carmichael and McAllister.

The Wives of Members of the Faculty—Miss Sproule, Mrs. Broadus.

Mandolin Solo—Miss McCrimmon.

The Seniors—Miss B. Leisemer, Miss H. Montgomery.

Vocal Solo—Mrs. Bowers.

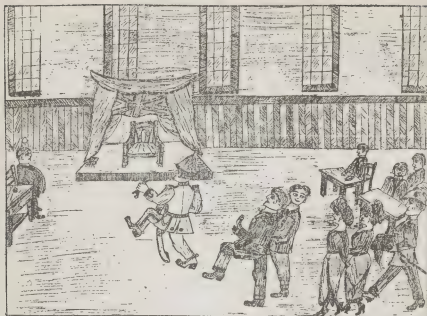
Every number of the musical programme was much enjoyed and those who so cleverly and ably proposed and responded to the toasts clearly demonstrated that in the matter of public speaking the women of our University could hold their own.

The rendering of the "Wauneita" song, composed for the occasion by Miss Langton, brought a delightful evening to a close.

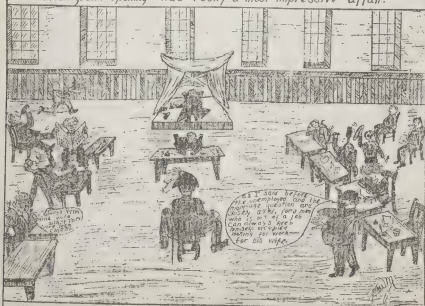
Nay, let us not forget the flash-light photograph taken just before we dispersed, which, if successful, will be preserved as a memento of the first Wauneita banquet.

Y. W. C. A.

Miss Jamieson, the student secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in Canada, gave an interesting address to the women students on January 23rd, in the Wauneita Rooms. Miss Jamieson emphasized the needs of Christian teachers, nurses and doctors, as well as evangelistic workers in foreign lands. Too often missionary work is regarded as a work set apart for a few who have been specially called. If students would come to look upon Christian service, in foreign lands as a perfectly normal life work, many of the so-called obstacles would be removed.



The grand opening was really a most impressive affair.



There was a refreshing originality about the whole scene



SENIOR HOCKEY.

At a meeting called together by Professor Edwards (convenor), at the Y. M. C. A., Edmonton, a three team league was formed consisting of 'Varsity, South Side, and Pennants' to represent the Northern Division of Senior Provincial Hockey. The entrance of the University hockey team into the senior league this year has been a very momentous event in the history of the hockey team as this is the first time the University has produced a team of senior calibre. Much credit is due to Manager Stevens for the way in which he has managed the team throughout the season. Although greatly hampered by the loss of several players who did not come up to the class standard required by the University, he has nevertheless worked with a will and greatly increased the proficiency of the team by his own confidence in their ability.

Varsity played their first game with the South Side on New Year's night and although handicapped by the loss of Lavell, the star point man, they managed to pull out a win by one goal in seventeen. The game lagged in parts, due to the fact that the University had not fully recovered from the effects of their strenuous trip east.

In the following game the 'Varsity were without the services of

Captain Dean, the little rover; however, they played sterling hockey and managed to hold their weightier opponents down to a tie score. It was only by playing overtime that the Pennants scored a lucky goal and annexed a victory.

In the second game with the South Side the University managed to come out on the long end of a 5-4 score.

On January 22nd, the 'Varsity again met the Pennants in a hard-fought battle, the green and gold having been greatly strengthened by the reappearance of Captain Dean in uniform; the game was a thriller from start to finish, the final score resulting in a tie after playing twenty minutes overtime.

The third game with the South Side was anybody's game until about 15 minutes before final time when the 'Varsity showed a final burst of speed and notched two goals, making the final score 6-4.

'Varsity lined up for the big game of the season with the Pennants on Friday, 6th February. A large crowd lined the boards with a preponderance of the "Ra Ra" boys. If shouting, cheering and rooting could have won the game 'Varsity would not have lacked a big margin. The large turnout of students and faculty shows the right spirit. The face-off found 'Varsity with the puck, displaying wonderful speed and stick handling. In a few minutes Dietz

completely beat Doc Wilson and the "yell" from the rooters rose like thunder. The Pennants now got going and had the good luck to steal two goals in immediate succession, following these with a third. During this period Riley was hurt and left the ice for a short time. Then up to half time the game seemed to lose in "ginger" and the 'Varsity rooters held themselves in for the second period. No sooner was the puck in play than the 'Varsity septette responding to the vociferous yells from the boards played dazzling hockey. The puck travelled up and down and on four occasions landed in the opponents' net. The Pennants also secured another, and ten minutes before time the score was even. The 'Varsity boys boys were now in their stride and seemed sure of victory. They bombarded the Pennants' goal, but Doc Wilson had all the luck imaginable and kept his net intact. The deciding goal was scored a few minutes before time, 'Varsity losing to a score of 5-4. Dean and Lopston starred, while Beecroft and Dietz played great games. All the team showed up well and the rooters felt proud of their representatives.

Intermediate Hockey.

At the first of the season the prospects were exceedingly bright for the intermediate team; there was plenty of valuable material and lively competition for positions on the team. During the first half of the schedule the Varsity headed the league with no losses against them, but about this time the jinx appeared and stuck with the team throughout the remaining half of the season, two of the fastest men were debarred

from participating in hockey due to failure to keep up their class work. With this handicap this speedy septette lost to the Pennants by a very small margin, but to add to the list of disasters Parr, the stalwart coverpoint, was unable to play owing to sickness and in the final game the Varsity, although fighting gamely, were overwhelmed by their speedy opponents, the Pennants.

Intercollegiate Hockey

The University hockey team has been in this league for several years but has so far never been able to land the silverware. This year, however, the outlook is more cheerful, the Varsity is tied with the "Strathcona Hi" boys for first place. The "Hi" team is composed of a fast bunch of youngsters and in the first game they defeated their weightier opponents 6-3, but in the second contest the Varsity recuperated, so to speak, and managed to pull out a win by the close margin of 2-1. This victory was largely due to the splendid work of Parsons on defence and Dexter at rover, these two players excelling in speed and stick handling.

BASKET BALL

Basketball is beginning to show signs of the consistent drilling in the gym. The senior and intermediate teams are nearly enough matched to give goth both beneficial practice whenever they meet. Mattern has shown remarkable improvement at centre for the seniors and James, of the intermediates, looks good for senior company.

The seniors have played three games since the new league opened and have won all three, though by narrow margins.

THE LOUNGE.

Lecturer (while calling the roll recently): "Has anyone the key to Locke's absence?"

* * *

From a Public Notice: "It is important that all men shoot at the shoot during the shooting hours—" Who'd have thought it?

* * *

We hear that the University of Saskatchewan is the only university possessing an elevator. But we need not be ashamed of the U. of A.: one of the resident men late one evening recently discovered that we possess moving staircases and revolving floors.

* * *

Speaker in Mock Parliament (in answer to question from the floor of the House): "When a member addresses the speaker, he must remove whatever covering he has on." Not in 30 degrees below weather, we hope.

* * *

Overheard—"Do you know of a drink with a kick of a Martini cocktail, but without the come-back?"

H. J. T.: Oh, yes; Prussic acid."

* * *

Dr. K—r (speaking of one of Balzac's novels): "It's a **detective** story; the Freshmen are reading it."

* * *

The constant change of cooks is becoming a dining-room joke—or a tragedy.

* * *

Modest request of Miss Muriel Edwards, of a workman on a swinging scaffold outside the library: "Will you please fly down?"

* * *

A Sunday service soloist in answer to our appreciation of his kindness in coming over from the North Side on a cold Sunday

morning: "Oh you'd be surprised how I enjoy coming over here."

* * *

Enquiries have been made regarding the explosions heard on the University grounds during the past few weeks. We can only suggest that the Freshmen—during test time—must be employing outsiders to blast for them.

* * *

In French II: "This is often found in Moliere, Shakespeare, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, while Bacon is fairly dripping with it."

* * *

Preacher (at University service a few Sundays ago, speaking of one of the disciples): "We wonder what our dear brother Matthew is thinking of it at this present time, **wherever he may be.**" We almost feel like suggesting that that is hitting below the belt.

* * *

Professor (to student who had been explaining why she couldn't attend certain lectures): "I get you."

* * *

Mr. Burt (entering Economics' lecture room): "There will be no lecture in Economics today, as I have lost my note-book."

* * *

Dr. Kerr has advised the use of wholly French dictionaries. It has been suggested that the Theologues come to the rescue.

* * *

Sentiments of a Freshette—after certain tests:

"I wish I were a little stone

A-sittin' on a hill

With nothin' else on earth to do

But just sit still.

I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't drink,

I wouldn't even wash.

But just sit still a thousand years

And rest myself, by gosh!"

Lecturer in History: "When the disturbance arose at the coronation, the Emperor grabbed up the Pope and as many cardinals as he could lay his hands on, and retreated." Student with perverted sense of humour: "What a handful!"

* * *

Freshman: "Have you heard about Dr. —'s tango-tea?" Sophomore: "His tango-tea?" Freshman: "Yes, his tan goatee!" Then the Seniors stepped between 'em.

* * *

Mr. Sonet — The chef, what made him go crazy?

Dr. Kerr—Oh, he heard a rehearsal of the French play.

At the Law Dance

Anxious Partner—O, Miss — I just can't get my programme filled up, won't you give me another dance.

* * *

Dr. Lehmann—Now gentlemen, owing to the bleaching properties of hydrogen peroxide it is often used to restore old paintings, which have become stained under the action of the foul atmosphere, to their original colors.

Mr. Coatsworth:—O! Dr. Lehmann, could you restore the color to a house or a face in the same way?

* * *

Well! Well!

Larson, (from back of the room Dr. Sheldon (in Algebra II, after covering the front and side blackboards with figures): "And therefore, you can see $x=O$."

Larson (from back of the room): "Gee, all that work for nothing."

At the Table

Freshman—Is it necessary that the judge when nominated must be a fourth year man?

Lewis—Yes. You won't be able to run this year, H—rp—r.

* * *

Beggar: "Give a poor man two bits fer a bed, guv'nor"

Bredt: "All right, my friend; vere's der bed?"

* * *

Freshette: "I shouldn't think golf is much exercise?"

Dolly: "Isn't it! Why, it makes the boys so strong in the arms you can hardly breathe."

—M.A.C. Gazette.

* * *

Teacher—Now, Willie, make up a sentence with defeat in it.

Willie (after scratching his head)—Chilblains are bad for defeat.

—The Sheaf.

* * *

"Baptizing Done Here"

A rector in a large town has a little daughter who is very fond of opening the door when any visitors arrive. One day a gentleman called and asked to see the Rector. "Oh," said the little girl, "he is gone out to baptize somebody. You know, my father has a very large baptizing business."

—Western University Gazette.

EXCHANGES

We beg to acknowledge the following:

Gonzaga, Manitoba Agricultural Gazette, McGill Daily, Sheaf, Mitre, Western University Gazette, U. of O. Review, King's College Record, McMaster University Monthly, St. John's College Magazine.

ALBERTA



COLLEGE

We have been wondering lately where our college sports are. It is hardly spring yet, so that spring fever cannot account for their disappearance; but for some reason or other they are not making any stir. We are of the opinion, from the showing made early in the year, that we have in our student body as strong a group of promising athletes as we ever had in any previous year. Yet we are compelled to ask why is it that we have very little to report from any department.

Our hockey players were fretful to commence playing at the beginning of the year, but now there is great difficulty in gathering together enough for a practice game once in a long while. A similar fear of exertion seems to have struck our basket-ball players. It is true that the senior team is at present doing good work but the class league is quiet and the gymnasium is more often deserted than engaged. What is the matter with us all? Have upwards of a hundred strong and healthy men to be goaded to vigorous exercise? Surely we are not returning to mediaeval asceticism.

It is now the middle of February and very little has been accomplished since the new year. Wake up A. C. and let us resurrect that enthusiasm which we had before Christmas. The college year is fast grinding out its roll of days and soon we shall be

preparing for final examinations. Not one of us wishes the sports of 1913-14 to be a failure; yet just a few only are endeavoring to save them from it. In regard to the basketball class league, we have material enough for five or six fairly strong teams; but no development is attempted and the league is allowed to drop. If we do not build up our reserve teams and develop players, how can we maintain an efficient senior team? This is where the danger lies, and to make our basketball team a continued success we must create a strong reserve. This is true not only for the basketball team, but for every department of college sport.

We cannot blame our committees, for they cannot do everything for us. If the students themselves were enthusiastic, the committees would be able to do the work that is expected of them. Sport cannot be called up at the whim of appointed officials but it must spring from the initiative of the students. Have we enough initiative left to make our sports effective? It is to be hoped that we have, or this season of 1913-14 will be one of the poorest that the college has had.

The Senior team annexed two points in the Y.M.C.A. Senior Basketball League this month, defeating the Colts 39 to 21, and the Law Students 30 to 19.

On Friday, January 30th, we were favoured with a visit from the Hon. A. G. McKay, M.P.P., under the auspices of the college Literary Society. He addressed the students on the subject of 'Industrial Education,' and obtained a very attentive and enthusiastic hearing. He pointed out that our educational system has not been broad enough in the past, as it only provided such education as would be useful to the professional class. He advocated a system of education by which the artisan and the agriculturalist would be taught the why and wherefore of their occupations; that, as they engaged in practical work, they would receive training in the theory which underlies such work in order to bring about the highest industrial efficiency. This, he claimed, was the nation's duty, not that it increased the commercial prosperity of the nation, but because it trained the citizens to become competent workers and so enable them to earn a profitable livelihood.

The Literary Society has made arrangements for an oratorical contest which promises to be a success. There has been a fairly good entry, but we would have liked to have seen a longer list of

names. As we go to press the contest is in full swing, the winners of which are: G. Edwards and J. Goodson. We expect that there will be a very keen competition for the honours.

The Y. M. C. A. has prepared a very attractive syllabus for this term, and on Monday, Jan. 26th, Wm. Berry read a paper entitled "The Problem of the New Attitude to the Bible." His treatment of the subject proved to be very interesting as the discussion following the paper was animated. On Monday, February 9th, G. E. Graham read a paper dealing with Winston Churchill's novel "The Inside of the Cup." He selected certain passages from the book dealing with the relation of the Church to the masses and the relation of certain church dogmas to popular thought. The discussion following this paper was so keen, that it was only with difficulty that the chairman closed the meeting. We are expecting that the two remaining topics on the syllabus will prove as interesting, and the thanks of the students are due to the officers of the association in providing such an excellent series of topics on timely subjects.

EAST END MEAT MARKET

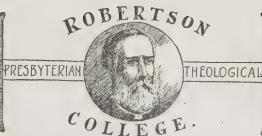
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GEARY BROS.

WHYTE AVENUE EAST



The Sign of the Burning Bush

It was with grief and sorrow that we turned the other month to the Robertson columns of the Gateway to find that the old heading had been removed. Some audacious Arnoldian, believing that miracles do not happen, had extinguished the burning bush! O Tempora! O mores! The dissidence of dissent rose within us and we consigned the perpetrator to regions where other flames—but no, now that we are again joined to our idol, we will take it all back, and ask in future only to be let alone.

The extinguishing of the bush reminds us of a story (you will pardon a yarn appearing in a theological column, but this is only a little one, and will I think, slip through the Gateway) of an American, who had travelled further afield than Yurrip, and was one day "doing" a pagoda in Burmah. "You see that light burning in that little cruise of oil there," said the attendant. The American nodded assent. "Well, that light has been burning there for centuries and has never once been allowed to go out." "Say, old chap," drawled the Westerner, "I guess it's been left for me to extinguish it," and leaning over he blew the puff which gave it what the Baboo called the last push to eternity.

The Philosophical Society has lately been entertaining us to dissertations on such themes as Psy-

chology and Music, Psychology and Law, and other interesting subjects. May we suggest to the vice-president that he now take up Psychology and Signs, with special reference to his own—the burning bush. Why is it that we Presbyterians hug the burning bush as we do? Why are we so unwilling to substitute for it something more modern and up-to-date? e.g., Dr. Grant with a grain of radium in his scarf pin. Boner Law's dictum that the Scotsman is too conservative to turn conservative may be paradoxical, but to the psychological Holmes (we mean Sherlock, not G. H.) it may perhaps serve as a clue. No doubt, antique association has also something to do with this question. We cannot claim Solomon as a Scotsman, though, like Shakespeare, he was a good Presbyterian and had in mind the burning bush when he said, "Remove not the old landmark," and to go further back still, was it not Adam himself, who in a happy moment designed for us our heading, so there's antiquity for you! Away then ye gay skyscrapers, ye towers of Ilion, you were built in a day and the frosts of tomorrow will crumble your walls, but when all is cold and dismal and the frost has even destroyed the poetry of the brook yet the bush will go on burning forever.

Moreover, a study of the psychology of the burning bush would we believe throw fresh

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light on the Union question. Here is a good ship, well equipped for her voyage but still at the buoys because part of her crew won't sign on. Why? Not because they find any fault with the ships articles. There is not a word of protest about these. The whole trouble lies in the fact that this new clipper has no fine figurehead such as the old windjammer possessed. Where is the ensign with the burning bush which floated so proudly from the poop? Gone, and with it the immediate hope of any port clearance. The world's coarse thumb and finger measure may not take into account the figurehead and the ensign, but to mix the metaphor, it is the little grains of sand in the bearings which bring the engines to a standstill.

We should be sorry to lose our old emblem from these columns

because its presence reminds the editor that the place whereon he stands, if not sacred, is at any rate slippery, and so he perhaps had better tread it shoeless. Some holes in his stockings may consequently be exposed to public view but after all, all of us have holes in our stocking, the only difference is some of us have more holes than others, but if these are revealed to ourselves, well tant mieux. Finally, the burning bush is a constant challenge to a materialistic age. It forbids us to separate the secular from the sacred. It calls for reverence and religion in the daily task and common round of every day duties and reminds us ever that earth's crammed with heaven and every common bush afire with God; but only he who sees, takes off his shoes."

M.S.K.

The Faculty of Medecine.

We are glad to report very encouraging news from this branch of our affairs. The gymnasium classes have been well attended by our men and we are looking for great things in the near future.

Our industrious basketball captain has succeeded in picking a team which have been entered in the Intermediate League. The opposing teams are: High School, Oxford, Yale, Harvard. The following schedule has been drawn up:

Feb. 28.—Meds. vs. High School.

Mar. 7.—Oxfords vs. Meds.

Mar. 14.—Meds. vs. Yale.

Mar. 20.—Meds. vs. Harvard.

Mar. 28.—Meds. vs. High School.

We are glad to report the success of the game on February 10. The score being 18-12 in our favor.

Another very important addition to the University nucleus has been made in the form of the Strathcona Hospital which was recently opened. We are pleased to be able to say that the first medical class of the U. of A. have deemed it wise to furnish a room in the above mentioned hospital. We think this a very worthy object, indeed, and the Medical Class is to be commended for their generous and unselfish spirit.

THE MEDICAL STUDENT'S ALPHABET.

A was an artery filled with injection,
B was a Brick never caught at dissection,
C were some chemicals, lithium and borax
And D was a diaphragm flooring the thorax.

E was an embryo in a glass case

And F a Foramen that pierced the skull's base.

G was a grinder who sharpened the tools,

And H means the half and half drunk at the schools.

I was some iodine made of seaweed.

J was a jolly cock not used to read.

K was some kreosote much over-rated,

And L were the lies which about it were stated.

M was a muscle, cold, flabby and old,

And N was a nerve like a piece of white thread.

O was some opium a fool chose to take,

And P were the pins used to keep him awake.

Q were the quacks who cure stammer and squint.

R was a raw from a burn wrapped in lint.

S was a scalpel to eat bread and cheese

And T was a tourniquet, vessels to squeeze.

U was the unciform bone of the wrist,

V was a vein which a blunt lancet missed.

W was wax from a syringe which flow'd.

X the examiners who may be blow'd.

Y stands for you all, with wishes sincere,

And Z for the Zanie's who never touch beer.

So we've got to the end, not forgetting a letter,

And those who don't like it may grind up a better.

—H. C. Brown.

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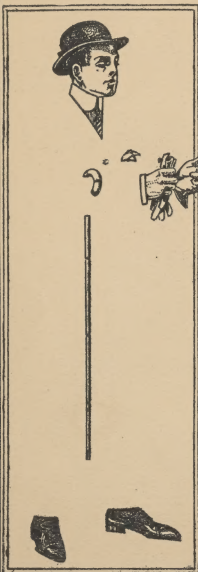
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